

LIBRARY
THE WOMAN'S COLLEGE OF GEORGIA
MILLEDGEVILLE, GEORGIA

The Colonnade

Volume 41 No. 4

The Woman's College of Georgia

December 2, 1965



Dr. Wolfersteig Presents Masterful Recital At WC

by Miss Lucy Underwood

A recital of more than routine interest was presented in Russell Auditorium Monday evening, November 22, by Dr. Robert Wolfersteig, organist and head of the Department of Music at the Woman's College of Georgia. From the moment he began, one was aware of Dr. Wolfersteig's complete technical and artistic mastery. It is noteworthy that the entire first part of the program was played completely by memory, no mean feat for an organist.

Dr. Wolfersteig's program was a demanding one but one well suited to the virtuosity of the performer. The first half of the evening's performance was devoted to music of the Baroque period: The Prelude and Fugue in E of Buxtehude, the Chorale and Fugue on "Vom Himmel hoch" of Pachelbel, the Toccata in F of Bach, and the Concerto in C minor of Walther. The Moehler organ in Russell Auditorium is not a Baroque instrument but the registration used by Dr. Wolfersteig was most appropriate. The middle section of the Pachelbel was marred briefly by an out-of-tune rank. The Bach with its demanding keyboard and pedal work was exceptionally well done and absolutely under control. The playing of this Bach was one of the high points of the evening artistically.

The second half of the program contained music of Vierne, Brahms, and Dupre. The Divertissement of Vierne was whimsical and entertaining. The opening of the Brahms Prelude and Fugue in G minor was reminiscent in style of the Baroque, even to the use of the Picardy third at the cadences. The two movements of the Dupre Passion Symphony, Op. 23, ended the programmed part of the recital. In his comments preceding the playing of these movements Dr. Wolfersteig explained that Dupre's work is definitely programmatic depicting the anticipation of the birth of the Savior and the Nativity. "The Nativity" is a subdued, meditative movement in which one is led to hear in the reed stops and rich chromaticism the suggestion of the shepherds' pipes and the entrance of the camels into

When A Celebrity Comes To Campus

By Linda McFarland

We huddled trembling, just outside the door of the Sanford House, each wishing she had refused Dr. Walston's invitation to dine with Louis Untermyer. We eyed one another nervously, wondering who would be the first to break for the door. After all, what does one say to a man of Mr. Untermyer's stature? How does one make graceful comments about the weather to a well known poet, anthologist, and critic? Each of us had visions of (1) his being sprawled on the floor, having been tripped by one of us straying into his path; (2) ourselves sprawled on the floor, having been tripped by our own traitorous feet; (3) a dry cleaning man's saying, "...But Mr. Untermyer, how did you get these gravy stains all over your suit?" and his replying, "Well, there is a small Georgia college for women which at this moment is noted for the clumsiness of one of its students who can't even pass a bowl of gravy."

When the door finally opened to admit Dr. Walston and the distinguished guest of honor, we had a blurred image of a man not quite as tall as we had expected and not as fierce looking either.

After the customary confusion at the dining room door, we filed in, and I found to my horror that I was to sit next to Mr. Untermyer. My only consolation was that there was no gravy on the table. After tripping over Dr. Walston and Mr. Untermyer,



Louis Untermyer

I stumbled, red-faced, into my chair.

It was a wonderful relief to find that Mr. Untermyer is a warm, wonderfully human man who talked first not about the maturity of Dylan Thomas but about his little blue house in Connecticut, where the temperature was a "balmy 34" degrees when he left. Dr. Walston lightened the mood even more by presenting him with an envelope filled with Green Stamps. Mr. Untermyer had voiced that afternoon a wish to eat at the Piggly Wiggly, where he could get more green stamps toward a toaster for his wife.

The mood did become more serious, however, and Mr. Untermyer, while admitting that he hated to make capsule judgements, was persuaded to give a few opinions on modern poets, including Robinson Jeffers, Dylan Thomas, and D.H. Lawrence.

He stated that from his

own personal viewpoint the three greatest modern American poets have been Walt Whitman, Robert Frost, and Emily Dickinson. He declined to place these on any particular level but grouped them as a whole. However, he did call Emily Dickinson the greatest woman poet who ever lived.

When asked why he thought there had been so few great women poets, Mr. Untermyer very seriously expounded upon the inferiority of women to men, not only physically but mentally and emotionally as well. Then after our frowns and raised eye brows had subsided somewhat, he explained that he had only been joking and that he thought the real reason was the modern woman's lack of time. He claimed that he didn't understand how we accomplish everything we do, even with the aid of the push-button world and still be at the door awaiting

our husbands "wearing a new penguin and wearing Chanel No. 5 behind the ears. The remarkable thing is that there have been as many good women poets as there have been."

By the end of the meal, we had each and all been won over by Mr. Untermyer. It was with joy and anticipation that we overheard Miss Maxwell say that perhaps he will be able to return for three days next year.

SAI Announces New Pledges

Sigma Alpha Iota, a national music fraternity has announced its pledges for this fall. They are Lois Bradley, Lawrenceville, Kentucky; Betty Brown, Locust Grove, Georgia; Mary Ann Hutchinson, Dublin, Georgia; Anne Patterson, Milledgeville, Georgia; and Anne Willis, Marietta, Georgia.

These pledges were chosen on the basis of their outstanding scholarship in academic courses. Following an intensive pledge program of four weeks duration, these pledges were formally initiated into Sigma Alpha Iota on November 21, 1965.

THE BIRDS
SATURDAY
RUSSELL AUDITORIUM
7:10 p.m.

Psychology Club

Plans 65-66 Project

Planning for its 1965 - 66 research study was a highlight of the Psychology Club's November meeting, held at the home of Dr. Frances Ross Hicks, the club's sponsor, according to Kendall Roberts, a club member.

It was also announced that the college Committee on Research had granted the club the funds to carry out this study.

These plans followed a report by Kendall Roberts on last year's project, "A Study of Values at the Woman's College of Ga." This study was presented at the state meeting of the Ga. Psychological Association at Jekyll Island last winter.

"The Biological Aspects of Schizophrenia" was another topic of concern to the group in a paper which Susan Dean read. Afterward Lettie Cofer reviewed the book Games People Play, which depicts the various masks people assume.

A social hour followed the business meeting.

EXAM SCHEDULE

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1965

2:00 - 4:00 English 100, 101, 102, 200, 206

MONDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1965

8:30 - 10:30 Physical Science 101T 103T
11:00 - 1:00 Third Period Classes
2:00 - 4:00 Political Science 101, Sociology 101

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1965

8:30 - 10:30 Fourth Period Classes
11:00 - 1:00 Mathematics 100
2:00 - 4:00 Fifth Period Classes
4:00 - 6:00 Health 100

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1965

8:30 - 10:30 First Period Classes
11:00 - 1:00 Second Period Classes
2:00 - 4:00 Sixth Period Classes

IN MEMORIAM

The campus was saddened last Monday by news of the death of Mrs. Sarah Lloyd, a librarian here at the Woman's College. She died last weekend, and her funeral was held on Wednesday at 11 a.m. in Dalton, Georgia.

Woman's College students

and faculty members paid tribute to her at a memorial service Monday morning in Russell Auditorium. Mrs. Lloyd will certainly be missed by students and faculty alike, who in their frequent visits to the library regarded her face as a very familiar one.

MERRY
CHRISTMAS
FROM THE
COLUMNUDE
STAFF

Bethlehem. This ends with the familiar Adeste Fidelis melody interwoven in the texture. "The World Awaits the Savior" is wonderfully rhythmic and affords the performer the opportunity for all kinds of pyrotechnic display.

At the insistence of the enthusiastic audience, Dr. Wolfersteig played as an encore "The Primitive Organ" by Yon, a humorous piece intended to convey the idea of an old country church organ.

Dr. Wolfersteig is an accomplished organist and musician of the first rank. It was a pleasure to hear a performer of his caliber. BRAVO!

The Columnude

Vol. 3 No. ?

Georgia College For Precious Girls

December 2, 1965



José Britches



Rinda Logers

OOS Cracks Case Of Missing Frog Legs

Mr. Ore O. Stemrose, better known on campus as OOS, received a citation last Saturday from the Universal Bureau of Investigation for rendering service above and beyond the call of duty here at the Woman's College, according to Mr. Hue Maxilla, director of public relations.

The head of the bureau cited the particular event which brought OOS this award as his recent solution of the case of the missing frog legs. "It was a case which threatened to ruin a quarter's work for my freshman classes," OOS declared gravely.

The frog legs disappeared last Thursday night when Callum Gettum, OOS's assistant, was off her post. OOS himself found them missing the next morning and with his well-known biological training as well as his skill as a sleuth he promptly found several clues. After that it took only 12 hours for him to identify C.E. Cost as the culprit.

The frogs in question were the first live ones ever to be shipped to the Woman's College for dissection in a Biology 123 class, and according to OOS, it was feared that something unusual might happen, aside from a few fainting spells that were expected of the students. Consequently, OOS and Gettum took turns watching the lab.

However, while Gettum was on duty, Morning Glory Pain, a physical education instructor, came recruiting for the faculty volleyball team and lured her away from her post. Miss Pain was at first suspected as an accomplice in the case, but she was released on testimony by Miss Fancie McEaver, another member of the P.E. department, as to her "flawless character."

Gettum's only comment was "Who in the world would want to defeat a poor, innocent frog? I just couldn't believe it!" The next morning OOS walked in to find the frog legs missing and his lab scattered with blood stained scalpels, forceps, and probes. To be absolutely

certain, he tested the blood under a microscope. "It was frog blood, all right," he said, and whoever shed it was very clever to leave no fingerprints."

There was only one possible lead. It was Gettum, admitted OOS, who stepped in to atone for her previous negligence by locating a stain unlike the bloodstains he had examined. It had formed a circle on one of the front tables. Chemical analysis proved it to be strong black coffee of a particular brand associated with only one member of the department, C.E. Cost.

Later in the afternoon it was OOS himself who closed the case. "It was in the S.U. when I noticed Cost drinking an Alka-Seltzer soda," OOS recalled. "I began to get suspicious when he complained of indigestion, so I planted a miniature extra-sensitive tape recorder mike in a straw to catch anything he might say while I was buying a coke. When I checked the tape later, sure enough, there it was just as clear as a bell. He had muttered, 'Those darned frog legs! That night I went investigating around his house and found the tangible evidence, the bones, in the garbage can. After that it was easy to convict him.'"

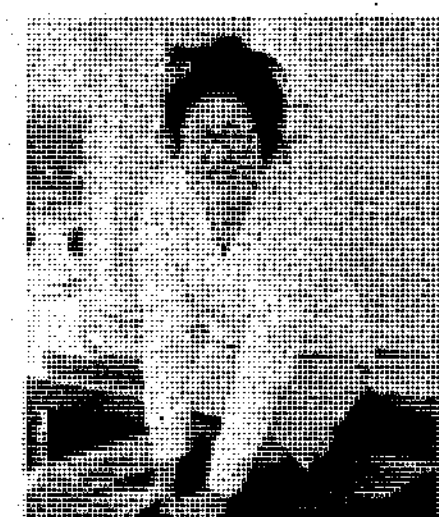
Police revealed that Cost would probably be sentenced to six weeks in formaldehyde.

The tape recorder mike OOS used is only one of the many intricate devices designed for him by Col. Mortis, noted physicist and inventor. Another is an X-ray magnifying glass, which OOS maintains will be handy in detecting underground passages should gophers ever invade the hockey field.

The most famous achievement to OOS's credit was his break-up of a spy ring which was attempting to sell dining hall secrets to the Russians. This well-known figure in the world of espionage attributes his success to the fact that "I'm a physiologist rather than a naturalist."

Georgia College For Precious Girls Nominates Six Birds To 'Who's What'

Dr. Brawn Grit, faculty member in charge of Who's What in American Colleges and Universities on GCPG campus, has announced that six GCPG seniors have received the honor of being named to Who's What. On learning the recipients, Dr.



Lyon McFairlane

Grit is reported to have exclaimed, "Laud, they are all Columnude members!" The girls were chosen on the basis of personal cleanliness (good teeth, good nails, etc.), personal charm (many have received degrees from Mori Norman Charn Studio in Enigma, Georgia), and intelligence (most are reported to rank no lower than 145th in their class of 146, and one has the distinction of being a Peter Bell Scholarship holder).

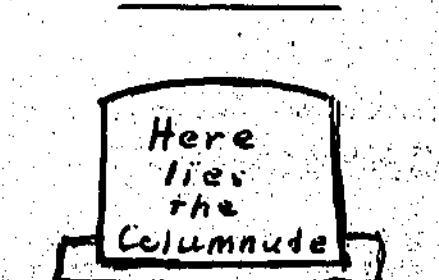
The following thundering birds were chosen for Who's What of 1965: José Britches, editor of the Columnude, is a biology major. She has been a member of the GCPG biology department's Show and Tell honorary fraternity. She attributes her main love, botany, to the

Trash Cans For Christmas?

In anticipation of the coming Yule season, the city of Milledgeville presented ten new trash containers painted in seasonal colors to the students of the Woman's College of Georgia.

This effort to express the city's appreciation of the college campus was lauded by the school's administration and students.

The new trash containers, placed unobtrusively in strategic areas of the campus, should make the WC Christmas season "merry bright, and clean."



The Dead Week Issue

teachings of Dr. Nesbit Jones. After graduating, Miss Britches plans to join the Lovable Lingerie Corporation as a designer because, as she says, "My botany training has instilled in me the belief that we should return to nature -- I think that fig leaves are in ---Cotton's a sin."

Rinda Logers, business manager of the Columnude, is an English and Philosophy major who plans to head the GCPG education department following the



Bruci Redd

footsteps of her heroes, Dr. Brawn Grit and Dr. Leroy Houndstooth. Her recent joy is her betrothal to a famous television personality known affectionately as the "Ajax White Knight." When asked why she was continuing her career on the GCPG campus, she said, "My betrothed has been invited to join the home economics department and replace Dr. Mac McMakeHoney as teacher of Chaucer."

Lyon McFairlane, a library science major, has served in varied capacities in campus organizations. She has been curator for the library Confederate Museum and has also served as public relations manager.

Miss McFairlane revealed to this reporter that her dream is "to live in a house by the side of the road and be a friend to Trees." But she says that this dream must wait until she fulfills her contract with the New York Public Library, which has employed her. This future position has monumental implications since she will pose as a lion on the steps of that great library. She plans to supplement this salary by roasting for the Metro-Golyn-Mayer movie company.

Bruci Redd is an English major who has been relatively unknown on campus except for her outstanding love of the theater. She says, "Ah just love the THE-ATE-TER." In line with this she also discloses her hope to follow in the steps of a famous literary personality, Miss Patti White.

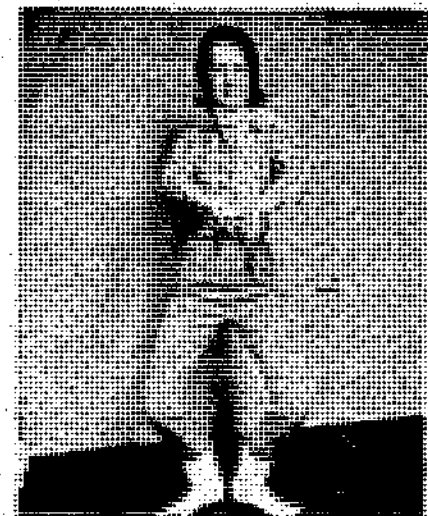
C. Rowdy Poo is a

pornography major associated with the art department. As a freshman she



C. Rowdy Poo

the Front-Porch Terrell Social Set and has constantly pursued her interests off campus. She had planned to become a teacher until she was excommunicated from the education department for her extra curricular activities. Upon her removal from the department, she received numerous bids from Playboy, Esquire, and Cavalier as



Pasty McBride

a tribute to her long standing reputation. Her future plans include appearances at the Atlanta Domino Lounge and a lecture tour with Miss Bruci Redd. Commenting upon her honors, Miss Poo replied modestly, "I have certainly been encouraged by the public's response to my philosophy of life. 'Success is counted sweetest' and all that, you know."

Pasty McBride, noted campus equestrienne, is an Electives major from Churchill Downs, England. She has served as editor for the Horse's Mouth, the voice of the dean's office, on the GCPG campus and is perhaps, best known for her motto of "Tally-Ho!" As for her future plans Pasty stated that she hoped to found the ASPGCFH (the American Society for Prevention of Glue Factorless and Cruelty to Helpless Horses) and to set up an alumni scholarship fund for the future editors of the Horse's Mouth. Miss McBride had the following statement to make for the press: "Having horsed around in college, I now know what it takes to win the race of life."

Page 2 1/2

THE COLUMNUDE

December 2, 1965

As We See It

Thanks Loads

or,

Elysium to Me, My Laundromat Be

Oh joy! Oh ecstasy! Oh bliss beyond measure! Our prayers, our pleas, our plaintive supplications have been answered. The administration, with munificence unexcelled, has at long last agreed to bestow upon Ennis Dormitory not a brand-new washing machine, but a whole laundromat! The plans for the laundromat call for renovation of the entire basement of Ennis for that purpose, and will be complete with sound-proofing and air conditioning. The main room will be equipped with an individual monogrammed washer-dryer-combination console for each Ennis resident, plus a personal maid to see that all needs are met adequately and pleasantly. Of course, washing materials are provided free. Another smaller room will be located at the entrance. This is to be the receiving room where guests can be met and entertained. Here there will be an elaborate bar, with full-time bartender, and also an orchestra and dance floor. And, for those who prefer a more conservative type of entertainment, there will also be provided a few dark corners, equipped with reclining chairs. Adjacent to the receiving room will be the dining hall, where one may relax and dine in an atmosphere of soft lights and piped-in stereo music. The cuisine is in the best of continental tradition and the meals are prepared and served by experts. Of course, cocktails are offered and an appropriate wine comes with each meal. And, upon request, handsome dinner partners are provided. The innermost, and largest, of the rooms is to be the lounge. Here, there will be provided all the current magazines, comfortable sofas and chairs, plush carpeting, individual TV sets with ear phones, snack bars, and a large screen for the frequent showings of current movies, free of charge. Also, there will be resident cosmetologists (male, of course) and a manicurist who looks like Peter O'Toole, not to mention a masseur in the image of James Bond. These are just rough sketches, but we think the finished product will be very useful and should answer our laundry needs quite adequately. The staff of the Columnude is beginning an all-out campaign to secure similar facilities for the other dorms, excluding Terrell, of course. Terrell has too many luxuries already.

Be To Whom It May

or

May Not Concern

An uninformed public is the bane of any society. And people who don't know what's going on in the world certainly won't be able to do anything about it. For that reason, the staff on the Columnude ever strives to bring to you, students of the Woman's College of Georgia, an accurate, up-to-date account of the world situation. Our reporters roam far and wide, bringing you the latest news from the World Out There. We issue frequent bulletins on the What-you-call-it Crisis, and keep you informed on the progress of that war over there somewhere. And this editorialist ventures to say that without the informative influence of the Columnude, some of you readers wouldn't even know who the President of the United States is, much less know anything about his New Deal program. Of course, we realize that there are those of you who just don't care at all about the world situation; and we shudder to think that there are many of you who don't even bother to read any issues of the Columnude. But really now... do you have to use them to stuff the cracks in the floor?

Take It Back

After all their "blood, toil, sweat, and tears" spent in laboring over a number of things for Slipper, the sophomores and seniors were justly enraged at finding that the Golden Shoe, pride of WC, has a hole in it. Whether this blemish is suppose to indicate the financial condition of its guardians or symbolize the wear and tear that results from that Golden night, the black, white, and red may very well trade in the Slipper for a pair of tennis shoes more compatible to their personalities.

Merry Christmas

and a

Happy New Year

GUESS WHO FROM??



Get The Point?

By José Britches, Editor

It is absolutely incredible that the most glaring issues on a college campus are the ones that most often go unnoticed. But such is the case of a crucial problem here at the Woman's College of such magnitude that it may bring earth-shaking repercussions unless it is corrected immediately. The very existence of such a situation is certainly a reflection on an institution of the calibre of WC and may prove to be a major setback to the education of innumerable "daughters of Ga."

The unforgivable error of which I speak is the absence of a single pencil sharpener in Wells Hall. That such an omission could have been made in a dormitory with three kitchens, a laundry room, and the utmost in interior design is in itself phenomenal. With all the conveniences students could possibly require for domestic comfort, it is strange that this simple provision for their academic well-being should be neglected.

By exercising a little foresight, one can easily see that the world may be deprived of a literary masterpiece by the lack of a pencil sharpener. When that certain inspiration comes to the would-be poet or artist in the middle of the night (that's the normal time for inspirations to occur), she will grab the first instrument handy to jot down her master plan. But, alas, the first instrument at hand is always a pencil, and an unsharpened one at that. In dismay she will grope for a ballpoint pen. But, alas

again, either it will be out of ink or she will have forgotten her idea before she finds it. Such may have been the case of any number of previous unfinished works.

A more local problem arises when the pitiable student is forced to turn in her English theme late because she had to wait until she came to campus to sharpen her pencil. After all, everyone knows it's next to impossible to write a first draft with a pen.

Of course, one alternative to installing pencil sharpeners would be to introduce a whittling class into the curriculum and sell WCG jackknives in the SU so that the students could sharpen their pencils the good old-fashioned way. But such a move would

An Open Letter To Santa

Dear Santa, Please bring our faculty members the following presents:

Mr. Callahan: A thinking cap.

Dr. Jones: 14,000 fruit flies and along with them a book entitled "Fruit Fly Farming for Fun and Profit."

Mr. Farmer: 15 free flying lessons.

Dr. Walston: Collected poems of Robert Service and Edgar A. Guest with an introduction by Joyce Kilmer.

Dr. Parker: A can of spinach.

Col. Morris: An erector set.

Mrs. Schweitzer: A dictionary of modern French slang.

Dr. Skei: Recordings of soundtracks of all the old Gene Autry movies by the Sons of Pioneers.

Miss Anthony: Tarzan to go in her jungle.

They have been very good this year and may even bribe you by leaving cake and milk under the tree in front of Parks Hall.

Thank you very much. Love, GCPG Students

Santa's reply -- "Ho, ho, ho! What about that?"

involve considerable expense to the state for the hiring of a professor, the establishment of a special lab, and the employment of new help to clean up the shavings after class. By and large the simplest solution seems to be the immediate installation of at least one pencil sharpener in Wells Hall. However, if the administration persists in refusing to take action, the students will have to take matters into their own hands and wage a campus wide campaign for green stamps.

Jose Britches
EDITOR

Rinda Logers
BUSINESS MANAGER

C. Rowdy Poo
ASS. EDITOR



NEWS EDITOR Lyon McFairlane
FEATURE EDITOR Bruci Redd
PHOTOGRAPHER Girtie Short
CIRCULATION MANAGER Joyious Garden

REPORTERS: Pasty Crow, Bubble Gummings, Kant Dance, Spilbert Gilbert, An Hall, Ram Lamb, Pasty McBride, Jene Miller, Brander Morris, Dennis Prize, An Wrong

FACULTY ADVISERS: Miss Tootles Comer
Dr. Brawn Grit,

EDITORIAL POLICY:
We ain't responsible.....

COMPLIMENTS OF

HAIRY'S

FINEST FASHIONS IN MILLEDGEVILLE



In High Society

At Baldwood Hospital, Mr. Max Woolums has taken a slight but ever-advancing case of pneumonia. He was struck suddenly by an attack of sneezing one morning while taking his 15 breaths of fresh air.

Dr. Fluoride Gardening has recently been released from Baldwood, suffering from an acute case of "over-illustration" with complications. She threw her arm out of joint gesturing to the janitor.

Dr. Posie Ralston's coming out cotillion was held last week in the luxurious Bull Pen at the Real McCoy's Restaurant. Among those attending were Dr. Yawn Landberry and Dr. Helen Gangrene, along with various others of the GCPG elite. Dr. Ralston, elegantly escorted by Mr. Joseph Pardon and Deputy Dawg, entertained and amazed her guests with a, needless to say, memorable version of the soft shoe. She was accompanied by Lash LaRue on the drums.

Miss Pasty Crow has recently decided to get married and is taking all of hers.

We were stupified to learn that Mozelle Diet-Rite's engagement has been broken. Rumor has it that her fabulous \$3,000 diamond supreme ring was in actuality old Coca-Cola glass.

Hipster Sherri Ziegfield made liars of her friends by announcing her marriage to a GMC cadet. Her buddies were secretly laying odds that she would be an old maid.

Dr. Nesbitt Jones, eminent biologist, was arrested last week for demonstrating against the autopsy film being shown to biology majors. Dr. Jones' complaint was that the film was too short and not gory enough for all practical purposes.

Quiet, unassuming Sanfordite Gino Duncan-Phyfe whispered a juicy bit of scandal into the ear of this reporter. Gino reveals that some time ago she was literally swept off her feet by the roving Ajax White Knight, who has only recently become engaged to the renowned educator, Rinda Logers. "He was awfully enchanting," sighs Gino, "but it would never have worked; I was allergic to his horse."

A Dead Week Mad-Lib

A mad-lib is a very short story with blanks left in the most strategic places. When the unsuspecting Columnude staff was hit with the following example, not knowing the context of the parts of speech they were asked to contribute, the results went like this.

Maybell woke up bright and cheerful this morning because this was her day to sniff. She jumped out of bed, put on her catatonic shoelace, and ate a quick breakfast of purple commode handles and gawdy mattresses. On her way out, she verbosely turned off the knee. How passionate she looked as she flirted down the street to the gall bladder. But when she got there, she found that it was ostentatious. This left her very perplexed, so she maliciously decided to go to the hedon instead. On the corner she met Hubert Ogg, an old boyfriend of hers. He tipped his shoehorn, shook her braces voluptuously, and said, "Screw your courage to the sticking place." He invited her to buss with him, and of course she accepted. After 1/32 of a century he walked her home, and at the door he shockingly indoctrinated her goodnight. So even though her original plans were spoiled Maybell went to bed with her head full of candleholders.

Campus Stereotypes

By Pat Hyder (reprinted from

April 13, 1957, Columnade)

Even the most wary visitor to "Jessie" would be astounded by the sameness of the different "majors" that we have on campus. These learned people are immediately categorized by the newcomer into their special group. This, then, is what we imagine when we hear someone say, "She is amajor."

First let us take those fountains of knowledge, the science majors. Science majors are few in number, but strong in fortitude. They can generally be seen coming to and from the science building. Once in a while, if Fate wills it, they may be seen in the P.E. building, and less usually in the Music building. There are the people whose noses are perhaps four inches from the ground, having been put there by pouring continually over a physics book, or peering into a microscope. Science majors are, of course, the smartest people on campus. They got that way biologically and environmentally. In the SU when they condescend to grace its doors, instead of talking about boy friends, dances, and "What I told the girl next door," they are constantly discussing differentials, magnetic fields, currents, and thrusts. This is so far above the rest of us, that

we just sit there and look stupid, perhaps understanding parts of the conversation such as "the," "and," and "but."

Next, we come to those persons who are known for their ability of always having something to say. These are our English majors. They, too, are few in number, but with their vocabulary, and in expounding wisdom and virtue of the poets and essayists both past and present, English majors are never seen with less than eight or ten books under their arm, all of which have been read and studied thoroughly. Their identifying feature is the inevitable pair of horn rimmed glasses. They can be seen mostly going to and from the library, to and from Arts, and to and from their classes.

Occasionally they are found in large numbers in the SU discussing such interesting topics as "Shakespeare Did So Write Shakespeare!" or the "Lechery in Chaucer" or "Why Every Student Should Take English 206" or "Why can't We Have a Writer's Seminar?" English majors are inevitably smokers and black coffee drinkers. Why, I don't know. Perhaps the strain is too great.

After the three o'clock bell has sounded, the hockey field and tennis courts

Flamming Has New Hit

By Ann Wrong

One of the hottest books off the press is Fun with Our Comrades, by Flem Flamming. This collection of short, short stories deals with the excitement and adventure of normal life.

Despite the mild-mannered title, the book is shocking and provocative. The hero in them, Dick, though he often pretends to be only a mild mannered ten-year old, is actually agent 009 1/2.

His able "girl Friday," Jane, is one of the most stunning sex symbols since Pollyanna was put in print. Jane's shocked scream, "Dick, Dick! Can you do this?" begins the first thrilling chapter. Of course he can and does.

Dick spends most of his time rescuing his younger sister, Sally, or generally keeping them out of trouble.

Sally's "Help! Help! Come and help me, Dick!" reverberates through every chapter.

The villains are usually Puff and Spot, two arch-criminals noted for sniffing out dirty work. With almost animal instinct they foil Dick many times.

The book is filled with sophisticated characters, the newest wagons and two wheelers screaming around corners on one pedal, and unabridged emotions. The dialogue is stimulating if a bit raw.

Fun with Our Comrades is but one of a series concerning this daring agent 009 1/2. Most can be found in paperback editions also. It comes highly recommended as being banned by the nation's schools, most public libraries, and the PTA of numerous cities.

are overwhelmed with avid health-culturists. These are our P.E. majors. It seems that P.E. majors are the envy of every girl in school. They have more stamina, more spirit, and more enthusiasm than any three English or science majors. P.E. majors can be seen constantly. They frequent the gym, the SU, the classes, and have been known to go to the library. Of course their greatest delight is in sports, but it is well-known how much they love their course in zoology. Their trademarks are a white jacket with the emblem REC decorating it, and a key hung around their neck with the emblem REC decorating it. They occasionally carry books (usually their room-

mate's, unless of course, their roommate is also a P.E. major), but mostly they carry implements of their major, i.e. tennis racket, golf club, bat and ball, etc. In the SU the P.E. majors dominate the floor. They are fairly large in number, also in conversation.

Needless to say, these girls make excellent leaders, and superior followers.

Thus we "Jessies" are seen in the eyes of others. Good or bad? I'm not the one to say. But nevertheless, we must resign ourselves to being catalogued like so many insects. Fight as we may, there will always be stereotypes, and people who say, "Why, she is just like all....majors."

The Hungry I

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